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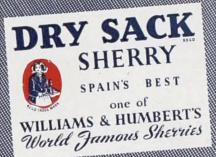
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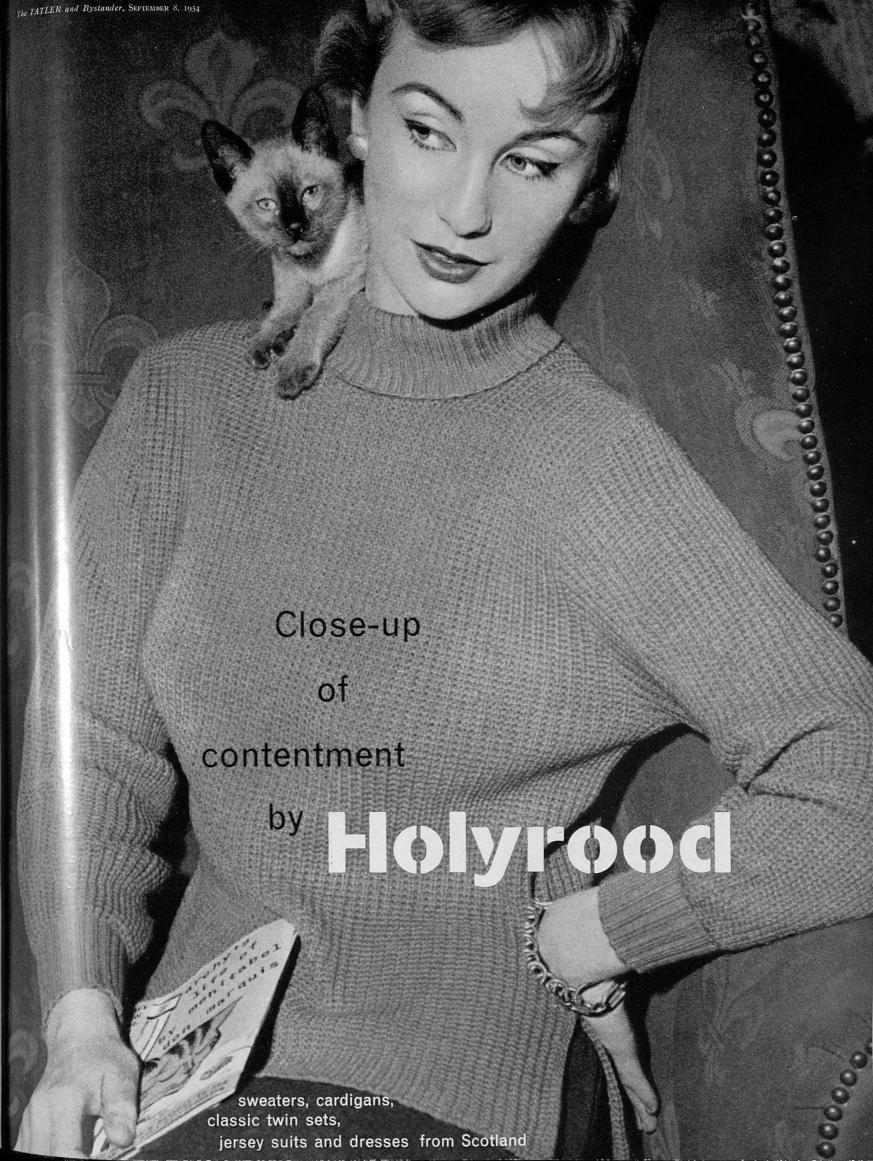
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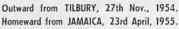
of the season





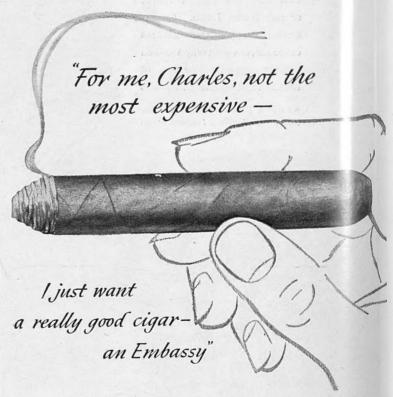
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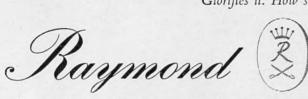
- that's Raymond's latest!

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waves your hair with it; and in half the usual time. There's no hair so difficult that

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It paints on — it washes out.

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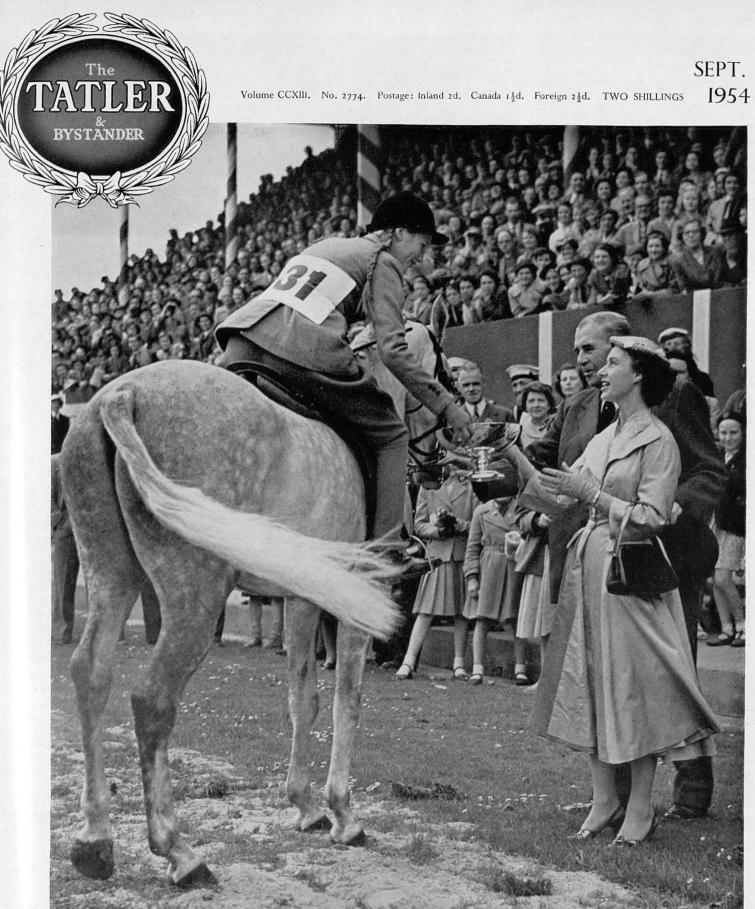
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Fitted coat of a flint-grey all-wool fabric with a lustrous finish, trimmed grey Indian Lamb. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42.

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A SILVER TASSIE FROM A PRINCESS URING her visit from Balmoral to Edinburgh, for the Festival, Princess Margaret took great interest in the Edinburgh Horse Show, and is here handing a silver cup to Miss Johnson, of Little Whittington, Newcastle-on-Tyne. With Her Royal Highness is Mr. J. C. Sword, President of the Show, proceeds of which were in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. More pictures will be found on page 399

IN THE WORLD OF BUCKET AND SPADE

NOTHING is better, when one is very young, than to spend the golden summer months by the sea. And what place could be more delightful than Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight? Alongside the adult world of yachting, tennis and golfing, the small folk are busy with bucket and spade, with boat and shrimping net



The Hon. Philip Sidney and his sister Anne thought it just as well to carry a lifebelt. They are the children of Lord and Lady de L'Isle and Dudley



Busily constructing the earthworks were Lady Marguerite Chetwynd-Talbot and Viscount Ingestre. Their parents are the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury



"Please don't stare at a fellow just because he's having some tea in his birth by suit." Jonathan Rogers, the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Rogers, believed in be g thorough in his sunbathing



Three men in a boat—well, two and a lady passenger—were Patrick Belville, William Clegg and Vivienne Loyd, and they eagerly scanned the horizon for a sail



Simon Bonham, son of Sir Anthony and Lady Bonham, and Arabella Churchill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Churchill, were making a sand garden



Julian Allason, aged six, and his brother Rupert, who is two, were given some advice on the subject of castles by their mother, Mrs. James Allason



In their "dodgem car" were Viscount Quenington and the Hon. Peter Hicks-Beach, sons of the Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn



t in a sand skirmish between David Price Patricia. Their parents are Sir Henry and Lady Price Tense mom and his sist



Belinda Curling hollowed out a tunnel in the castle she and her brother Jonathan were building. They are the children of Lt.-Gdr. and Mrs. Curling



A merry group exploring one of the sandy pools comprised Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo and her family; Merill, aged four, Damon, aged eleven, Grania, aged twenty months, and Stephanie, aged nine

Beity Swaebe



THE DUCHESS OF KENT and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, at present touring Canada, were welcomed by the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, during a four-day visit to Quebec City. They are due to go to New York on September 14 and to sail for England eight days later

Social Journal

Jennifer

Edinburgh's Month Of The Muses

THE Princess Royal, Prince Georg of Denmark and his wife Princess Anne were among those at the opening of this year's Edinburgh Festival, which comes to a close next Saturday after another tremendously successful season. It certainly deserved to be a success, for the programme was both interesting and varied.

This year, the exhibitions have been outstanding, with a fine show of Cézanne paintings, to which America and the Continent have contributed lavishly, the Barber Institute loan collection in the Edinburgh National Gallery, and an exhibition of Scottish contemporary paintings in Charlotte Square. There is also a joint exhibition of water-colours by the late Sir Herbert Maxwell of Monreith and oil paintings by Mr. Benjamin Gibbon, in the Scotland Room of the Outlook Tower on Castle Hill, and the Scottish Craftsmen at Work exhibition at Acheson House, where the demonstrations in-cluded one arranged by Lady Marjorie Dalrymple of spinning Shetland wool on a spinning wheel, and then showing the knitted articles made from it.

Toremost among them all, however, is the great display in the College of Art, organized by the ballet critic Mr. Richard Buckle, of the work of all the collaborators inspired by Diaghilev. This is a show of great international importance, and, as for the Cézanne exhibition, contributions have been sent from the U.S. and many parts of the Continent. M. Serge Lifar, head of the Paris Opéra Ballet (which incidentally is coming to the Royal Opera House on September 28 for two weeks), flew up to Edinburgh from Venice where he had been laying a wreath on Diaghilev's tomb for the opening of the Festival there, and brought with him the

death mask of the famous producer. Lifar was originally discovered by Diaghilev and worked under his direction for many years. Lady Juliet Duff, who was one of Diaghilev's collaborators, lent some things for the exhibition and helped Mr. Buckle in arranging the treasures, which brought back many nostalgic memories.

T is splendidly done. As you walk round the room a gramophone plays records of the ballets, a special wallpaper has been hung as a background, and everything is beautifully placed and cleverly lit. The lighting was arranged under the direction of Lord Primrose, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery's son and heir, who announced his engagement to Miss Deirdre Reid just after the Festival opened.

Lady Rosebery, a great lover of good music, has been a staunch supporter of the Festival since its inauguration in 1947. At Dalmeny House she and Lord Rosebery have had a succession of guests staying with them for the Festival. These included the Princess Royal, her son the Earl of Harewood and the Countess of Harewood, Lady Diana Abdy, Lord and Lady Hesketh, Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Helen Smith and her daughter, Lord Primrose and his fiancée, and numerous other musical friends. Princess Margaret stayed with the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith at Eildon Hall for a few days, during which time she took the salute at the Military Searchlight Tattoo up at Edinburgh Castle, went to the Edinburgh Horse Show and to the first night of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Yester was the scene of a family party given by the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale which the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddate which included her mother Mrs. Harry Wagg, also Lady Stewart Menzies and Sir William and Lady Makins. Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber, the G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command, and Lady Barber had a succession of guests staying at Gogar Bank, and Lady Barber gave several most enjoyable fork supper parties for between thirty and forty guests before they went on to see the searchlight tattoo at before they went on to see the searchlight tattoo at Edinburgh Castle. This is a wonderful spectacle at which Sir Colin, who is also Governor of Edinburgh Castle, took the salute several times.

DÉBUTANTE dance after the London se son has finished, especially if it is given in a fine country house, is often much more enjoyable than one given at the height of the summer there is a dance every night. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the coming out dance that Major and enjoyed the coming out dance that Major and Ars. C. D. Blackett recently gave for their elder day there caroline. This took place at Matfen Hall, excastle-on-Tyne, the seat of Caroline's grandfe her, Sir Hugh Blackett, who was happily there to witch the young people enjoying themselves. Irs. Blackett, who wore a rose pink satin gown with a diamond necklace, received the guests with Carcline, who looked very pretty wearing a full skirted yellow and white organza dress, in the baronial hall waich has a gallery running right round it. There was no need for any marquee for either dancing or supper, as this is such a spacious house. Dancing took place in the drawing-room and ante-room, supper was served in the dining-room, and the library, hall and other rooms were used for sitting out.

Besides Caroline who was clearly enjoying every moment, another very young girl having a wonderful time was her fourteen-year-old sister Lucinda Blackett, who wore a pink and white organza dress. Many friends in the neighbourhood put up guests and gave dinner parties for the dance. These included Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, Viscount and Viscountess Ridley, at Blagdon, Col. and Mrs. John Cookson, Mr. and Mrs. Benson at Newborough Hall, Miss Farrer, Major and Mrs. Priestman, Mr. and Mrs. David Cuthbert and Sir Eustace and Lady Renwick.

Staying in Major and Mrs. Blackett's house party were Miss Juliette Hanbury and her brother Ben, Mr. Nicholas Cobbold, Mr. Loudon Constantine, and Miss Caroline Starkey who looked sweet in and Miss Caroline Starkey who looked sweet in pink organza. Other young people enjoying this very good dance included Miss Caroline York, Miss Penelope Chichester, Miss Elizabeth Peto, Miss Cynthia Cookson, Miss Julia Renwick, Miss Val Lawson, Caroline's cousin Miss Jane Cely Trevilian, Miss Lavinia Hugonin, very pretty in a dress of black and red, Miss Rona McCorquodale and her cousin Mr. Bobby Gibbs. Other young men at the cousin Mr. Bobby Gibbs. Other young men at the dance included Mr. John Vivian Smith, Mr. John Joicey, the Hon. Matthew Beaumont, Mr. John Buchanan-Riddell, Lord Gisborough, Mr. Charles

Connell, Mr. Peter Le Marchant and Mr. Michael Cookson.

Among other members of the family enjoying this happy ball were Mr. and Mrs. George Blackett, Major and Mrs. Francis Blackett, Major Rupert Blackett, and Mrs. Blackett's cousin, Lady Biddulph. Lady Williams-Wynn, a cousin of Major Blackett's, who wore a magnificent diamond and emerald necklace with her evening dress, had come over from their home in North Wales with Sir Owen Watkins Williams-Wynn. They were staying with Major and Mrs. Nicholson. Among young marrieds were the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont, who, I hear, are now going to live in Northumberland, his brother, the Hon. Nicholas Beaumont and Mrs. Beaumont and the Hon. Nicholas and the Hon. Mrs. Ridley.

* * *

Rom friends in Majorca, where many people have been spending their holidays this year, I hear they had eight weeks in succession without a drop of rain. One of the favourite spots has been Formentor, which is among the most beautiful places I have ever stayed in. There is not even a shop or a tiny village here, just one large luxury hotel and about half a dozen private villas dotted about the verdant green hill and bordering the bay with its stretch of sandy beach, where bathing is superb in the bluest of blue seas. Most of the stores come across by sea from Puerto Pollensa.

the Cuban Ambassador and his lovely wife, Mme. Mendoza, have had one of these villas for the summer where stated their children and her mother with them. M. and Mme. "Vani" Iv novic and their children have been in heir villa, which is near the sea, and he had young Prince Tomislav of Yu oslavia and several small children, contem-

his

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pc ries of their own, staying with them. M. and M. e. de Avilés of the Ecuadorian Embassy, and the two children, who have been having a caraholiday through Europe, told me before they steed that they hoped to get to Formentor, too, ar were planning to halt on a site near the ovic's villa.

Temple Fielding, the American writer, and vife, are in another villa and Ann Lady Orres and a party of friends have been sharing her. Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight heir daughter Camilla, who will be a débutante season, have been staying in the Formentor l, at the same time supervising the start of a they are building out here. Mr. Whitney



THE SHIP'S BELL over the porch of their home at Overton, near Marlborough, Wilts, greatly intrigued Colin Hayes and his small brother Malcolm. They are the sons of Capt. John Hayes, O.B.E., R.N., who commands H.M.S. Sparrow, and the Hon. Mrs. Hayes. Their grandfather was the late Viscount Finlay

Straight, who is one of the finest and most unselfish exponents of underwater fishing, was up early many mornings to go off to enjoy the sport with M. Ivanovic, who is also an expert, and has written a couple of very interesting books on this increasingly popular subject.

popular subject.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks have been staying in the hotel, also Lord and Lady Sholto Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Beddington Berens and their son, and Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whitney and her two children, Dan and Anna Massey. The latter, like Camilla Straight, is also making her début next season.

Several yachts have anchored in the bay for a brief stay while their owners and their friends came ashore. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness and their children in the truly magnificent yacht Caliste, the Argentine polo player Señor Carlos Minguens and his wife and her father, and the Comte and Comtesse André de Gancy in the motor yacht Fair Lady, on their way to Biarritz. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Loewy came in their motor yacht Loramayo. They have just built a house in St. Tropez.

The Earl of Dudley travelled from Montecatini to join his yacht in which his sister, the Hon. Patsy Ward, and his younger son the Hon. Peter Ward had been cruising in the Mediterranean with a party of young friends, including Lady Deirdre Hare, Miss Claire Baring, Miss Judy Montagu, Mr. Billy Wallace and Lord Grantley. Lord and Lady Hores Belisha, the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting and their children have been spending their holiday at Bendinat near Palma, while at Paguera, also on the coast about twenty-three kilometres from Palma, Mr. Henry and Lady Bridget Garnett and Mr. and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall and their children have been staying. A few kilometres farther on Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney and their son and daughter have been among the visitors enjoying another sunbaked bay on the coast of Majorca.

THIS summer several families have crossed the Atlantic for their holiday, including the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and their younger son Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, who has been visiting the Duke's mother, Mme. Jacques Balsan, and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. Edwin and Lady Sarah Russell, who came over to spend the summer last year with their children at Blenheim. Both Mme. Balsan and Lady Sarah have homes on Oyster Bay, Long Island. Sir

homes on Oyster Bay, Long Island. Sir David and Lady Maxwell Fyfe and their daughter Miranda flew out to America where they have been the guests of the American Bar Association, and Sir David was going to give several lectures in America and later in Canada which they were due to visit before they returned here in the middle of this month.

The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon and their young son, the Marquess of Clydesdale, went out to America last month on the Cunarder Queen Elizabeth, as the Duke was one of the Scottish delegates to the Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Evanston, Illinois. The Duke's brother, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton

[Continued overleaf







Pageantry And Equestrian Skill At Edinburgh Horse Show

Capt. A. G. Davidson, R.N.(ret.), the Hon. Secretary, was chatting to Mr. Harvey Black, right, and his wife Sitting easily on her mount Baritone, Miss Penelope Molteno watched the other competitors jumping before her own turn came An amusing incident was noted by Capt. R. J. F. McAlister and Cdr. J. Lawrence, R.N., both members of the committee



Setting forth for a walk in the surrounding woods of the glen were Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Moore, Mr. Richard Moore, Jr., and Miss Marian Moore, who live in New York

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Travelling To Points West And South

and his American-born wife went over on the Caronia to the States about three weeks later. Mrs. Martin Charteris took her children out to stay with her mother, Mrs. Francis Leggett, at her home near New York, and to see her brother, the Hon. Francis Margesson, who also makes his home in America.

Most Cabinet Ministers were happily able to have nearly four weeks of their holiday without interruption before the Prime Minister called a Cabinet meeting the last week in August. An exception to this was Mr. Anthony Eden who was recalled from his holiday at the beginning of that week to go to Chartwell to be present when M. Mendes-France visited the Prime Minister for talks on E.D.C. Mr. Eden with Mrs. Eden had been enjoying a really peaceful holiday at Castle Tentschach near Klagen-furt in Austria, a rest he very much needed after his many months of hard and worrying work.

Alan Lennox-Boyd, the new Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been spending a holiday with Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd and their children in Italy. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft and his wife were just about to leave for Italy when the Cabinet meeting was arranged and he postponed his departure while Mrs. Thorneycroft and their little daughter flew out as planned, hoping he would be able to join them before too long. Italy was also chosen this year by Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, who spent several weeks at Montecatini where other visitors included the Earl of Dudley, Sir Noel and Lady Charles, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and Sir Eric Miéville. Lady Kemsley's daughter, Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, has also been in Italy where she has had a villa near Amalfi, and among her guests have been Lady Milbank.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler have been cruising in the Mediterranean in their boat Sylvia II, visiting Capri, Italy and France, and are expecting to return to their home in Hertfordshire about the middle of the month. Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks and their daughter Pamela have just returned from a three weeks holiday in Le Touquet which they told me they enjoyed immensely.

Lord and Lady Lyle of Westbourne chose



MISS SUSAN DEWHURST, a 1954 débutante, is the elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Dewhurst, and niece of Lord Forteviot. She lives at Dungarthill, near Dunkeld, Perthshire



Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Ferens and their daughter, Miss Bobbie Ferens, from Scarborough, Yorks

FROM THE STATES and the tropics, as well as other parts of Britain, many visitors came to Gleneagles Hotel for their holiday this year, finding there the piquant flavour of luxury in a setting of Highland beauty

Madeira where it is sunny and the bathing really warm at this time of the year. They travelled out by sea in one of the cruise liners which stopped there on its way to South America, and are also returning by sea. Sir Miles and Lady Thomas have gone to Biarritz, but as one would ext they flew out there. The Spanish Ambassa; the Duke of Primo de Rivera, has also been an the visitors to this French resort and Sir Ad Jarvis has been staying nearby at St. Jean de Biarritz usually reaches the height of the seas little later than the other summer resorts, ear September.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson and her daug Miss Lucinda Leveson Gower, have tried to sunshine much nearer home, and have spending a holiday in the Scilly Isles, when climate is always much milder than that o mainland.

er,

THE Three Day Horse Trials on September 17 and 18, in the grounds of Harewood Ho the Princess Royal's Yorkshire home, pro to be even more interesting than last year which the first time they had taken place. That a proved so successful that it was decided to hold trials again this year and the Princess Royal kindly offered once again to lend her grounds. This year in addition to the Three Day event itself there the Working Hunter championship of Great Britain.

Entries have come in for both the Three Day event and jumping competitions from some of the fore-most riders in the country, including some of the potential members of the British teams. Now all that is required is fine weather to make this another

outstanding success.

HAVE recently heard from the Hon. Lady Hood that she is chairman of the ladies' committee organizing the Challoner Club's Fifth Birthday Ball which is to take place at the Dorchester

Hotel on October 1. His Eminence Cardinal Bernard Griffin is chief patron of the Challoner Club, and others include the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Lytton, Viscount Dillon, Lord Stafford, the Marchioness of Lothian, the Hon, Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard and Lady (Charles) Russell, who is this year going to cut the birthday cake at the ball. Many Ambassadors and heads of missions have given the ball their patronage and some have already taken tickets and promised to bring parties, including the Brazilian Ambassador, the Argentine Ambassador and the Colombian Ambassador. Tickets for the ball from the Hon. Lady Hood, the Challoner Club, 59 Pont Street, S.W.1.



Mr. W. O'Brien Lindsay, Chief Justice of the Sudan, was staying at the hotel with Mrs. Lindsay



Mr. Cyril Tolley, of golfing fame, with Mrs. Errol Flynn and her husband, the film actor



Sir Cecil Newman, Bt., from Royston, a former High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, with Lady Newman



Col. and Irs. J. H. Gordon had come from Ayr to enjoy the mountain breezes



Dressed for showery weather, Mr. and Mrs. Murrough O'Brien were taking their Labrador for a run



Mr. Henry Taylor from Long Island, New York, had forgathered with Mr. Alan Perfect of Kelso, Mrs. P. Logan from Nairobi and Mr. Christopher Dunphill from London

Swache



Future events were very promisingly foreshadowed when Sir H. F. Arbuthnot, Bt., M.F.H., paraded the hounds around the main arena. Sir Hugh, who has been Master of the Cotswold since 1952, lives at Andoversford, where the kennels also are situated

COTSWOLD SHOW WAS FAMILY DAY

NoW that the tide of hunting interest is on the turn towards the new season, shows are becoming of very particular interest and significance in the chief hunting counties. The Cotswold Hunt and Withington Horse Show, at Colesbourne Park, near Cheltenham, was a particularly successful event, characterized by fine weather all day, and the presence of many family parties. There was a continuous programme in three rings, made possible by a record total entry of more than 500



At the ringside Miss P. Forman was watching an event with the Hon. Mrs. W. H. Vestey and Mr. Mark Vestey



Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H., and Mr. Sidney Parker were also among the spectators

N/E BAR

Miss Patricia Jeans, Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Ann Townsend and Miss Pauline Lescher



Trio by the jumping ring were Mr. Michael Lyne, Mrs. P. H. Northern and Simon Hicks



Two the judges, Mrs. W. E. Lyon and Major P. R. Goldingham, were talking to Mrs. M. Martin



Mr. J. L. Brain, one of the Show's veterinary surgeons, with the secretary Mrs. G. Dusgate, and Mr. R. Lawry



Keenly assessing the horses mustering for an event were Miss Wendy Hayes, Mr. R. Hayes, Miss E. Ferguson, Mrs. R. Hayes and Miss Susan Hayes

At The Races

BY THUNDER'S! CHANCE

· Sabretache

I we dare rely upon the form in the York mud, Mr. Gerber's By Thunder! surely could have won the Ebor with two stone more on his back. His owner, if this is right, would be fully justified in believing that he will win the Leger on September 11 with equal facility. By Thunder! may have been let into the race at York a stone lighter than many people expected, because the handicapper thought, as the veterinary surgeon did, that the torn ligament at Chester was bad enough to ston him ever racing again.

stop him ever racing again.

The fact that it wasn't is amply proved. Prima facie, his owner's opinion is fully justified, because there is no doubt that he could have won by twenty lengths. Usually a ligament or a tendon spells "goodbye," but there never has been anything more probable than the seemingly impossible. The moment, however, discovered the man, Mr. Fred Armstrong. He put this big colt away in cotton-wool until he knew that this usually impossible injury had had time to mend itself. He reaped the just reward of his patience, and I expect that he has been told so by many more people than myself.

So much for one side of things! Now for the other. In the Ebor, By Thunder! had only six-twelve; in the Leger he will carry nine stone. The opposition he is likely to meet may be of a bit better quality than at York; his trainer may not feel inclined to put up all the necessary dead weight if the clever little apprentice Swinburn is to ride him; and finally, he may not be allowed to slip his field as he did in this race at York. These are all possibilities. The published odds would seem to tell us the story in a very few words, and we have usually found that the bookmakers go to sleep with one eye open! At the moment they tell us that three colts are, in their opinion, level chances and the market is about six to one bar three. We are told that this good colt from Ireland, Blue Sail, is strongly fancied and he certainly won the Voltigeur Stakes like a real good one: ten lengths is a big margin. Then again the Never Say Die supporters are equally confident, so it ought to be a good race anyhow: but a hundred to one chance is also a possibility! It is that sort of vear!

The recent death of Mr. J. A. Dewar at the comparatively early age of sixty-three, constitutes a bad loss to the Turf, for he typified all that was best, and owners of his calibre and integrity are all too few and far between and can ill be spared. His famous white with tartan cross jacket will always be most prominently associated with that good horse Cameronian with which he won the Guineas and the Derby in 1931. He was bred by Mr. Dewar's uncle, the late Lord Dewar, and as everybody knows, made a big mark at the stud.

In these competitive days so few people can afford to race for the fun of the thing, so when one who can drops out it leaves a blank difficult to fill.

Nowadays an owner has just got to bet to keep the pot boiling, for it is rarely that the stakes will cover the expenses. You could almost count the owners who can afford to race for pleasure on the fingers of one hand; and even then you might have one finger over!





MASTER AND MAN meet the same fate at the hands of designing females. Mrs. Levi (Ruth Gordon) leads Mr. Vandergelder (Sam Levene) remorselessly towards the altar, a destination which also awaits his clerk Cornelius Hackl (Arthur Hill) under the expert guidance of Mrs. Molloy (Eileen Herlie)

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

at the theatre

"The Matchmaker" (Edinburgh Festival)

T Edinburgh there is nothing from Mr. Eliot this year; and it is not without a lurking sense of sin that the playgoing regulars of the Festival, schooled by him to think before they laugh, give themselves up to a play which shamelessly makes mere laughter an end in itself. That certainly is what *The Matchmaker* appears to do on the stage of the Lyceum, though it is on the cards that its author, Mr. Thornton Wilder, confidently believes that it is doing something quite different—making, let us say, a serious attempt to marry farce with philosophical comedy.

When the piece was called *The Merchant Of Yonkers* and played at Birmingham and at Swiss Cottage, the seriousness of the attempt was painfully obvious, and there was a general feeling that it had not been worth

making. Since then several things have happened to it. Mr. Wilder has conceded something to criticism by sacrificing some of the archly whimsical philosophy which formerly impeded the flow of farce. Miss Ruth Gordon has come from America to play for the first time the part originally written for her. And more important still, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, who happens to believe that Mr. Wilder is "the greatest living dramatist," has arranged the play for the stage with unobtrusive inventiveness.

speed through an almost pure farce moving at top speed through an amusing period evocation of the horse and buggie New York of the eighties. Its movement is only occasionally interrupted for some character to step outside the action for the purpose of warning us not to have more than one vice at a time, but there is no great harm and no great advantage in this.

The story scarcely bears narrating: it exists merely to give the actors comic opportunities. A rich old merchant, who believes concertedly that most men are fools and that the rest are in danger of contagion, has a mind to re-marry.

A lady as bright as she is impecunious volunteers to find him a bride and under cover of various stratagems duly lands him for herself. Two of his

underpaid clerks have a mind to see life, even if their f view of it should be the death of them. And a pretty modi full of discontent at the dullness of an American modiste's in the New York of the time, has a mind to throw her bon over the windmill. These desperate resolves get into a glorious tang

Iss Gordon is the matchmaker. The part is pitched on a sin note. It consists of impulsive suggestions which have to be plained away in the light of sudden happenings. Miss Gordon extraordinarily successful in ringing the changes. While her busy ensearch for fresh inspiration her clownishly twisted mouth slackens to reveal her secret dismay; and when the eyes have at last found what they seeking with feverish anxiety the mouth tightens to

seeking with feverish anxiety the mouth tightens to record the triumph with ineffable satisfaction. It is a first-rate comic performance which never gives the audience time to examine the utter banality of her farcical material. She is delightfully supported by Miss Eileen Herlie whose talent for comedy London managers would be well advised to develop more fully. Her modiste catches just that combination of charm and fun which the play requires to set off the dazzling effrontery of Miss Gordon's matchmaker. Mr. Arthur Hill is good fun as a guileless clerk playing the devil in the great city and bravely averting his eyes from the fearful reckoning that is always just about to open at his feet.

ROLLY representing characters whose brief comic significance probably owes less to the author than to the producer are Mr. Peter Bayliss and Mr. Alec McCowen; and Miss Esmé Church, as a ditheringly romantic old lady, leads a riot of new characters which do not appear till the fourth act.

No doubt the farce will find its way to the London stage; but let us hope that before it gets there it will be drastically shortened. Four longish acts are too much for any farce.



THE CABMAN (Peter Bayliss) and Malachi Stack (Patrick McAlinney) take a cynical view of affairs



Leslie H. Baker

REX HARRISON AND HIS WIFE LILLI PALMER will shortly be renewing their acquaintance with the London theatre after several years' absence in America. They are appearing in Rex Harrison's production of Bell, Book and Candle—a comedy with a witchcraft theme—due to open in the capital in October. In addition, Rex Harrison stars in The Constant Husband, a new Launder-Gilliat comedy for London Films, which will be released in two months' time

London Limelight



Binnie Hale, turning from revue and variety, makes a promising start in the serious drama

Roundabout And Swing

BINNIE HALE, like Moira Shearer, who is now with the Old Vic's showpiece Midsummer Night's Dream, is taking the intelligent route in her transfer from one sort of stardom to the next. Both ladies have decided to become actresses and those who wish to study Miss Hale emerging from the chrysalis may go to Wimbledon this week and see her playing Lilian Braithwaite's old part of Frynne Rodney, in a revival of Ivor Novello's Full House, first seen in 1935.

Ivor Novello's Full House, first seen in 1935. At Windsor, where she played recently, all house records were broken, and by the time her progress is finished the serious West End stage should be able to reckon on a personality as witty and as elegant as anything the world of musical comedy can boast. We had a taste of it at the Arts in Drama at Inish and at Christmas we saw the Red Queen in Alice, but these were hors d'œuvres, like Miss Shearer's readings at the Festival Ballet. The best, as Mr. Browning observed, is yet to be.

YET another Windsor discovery is on its way to London, bringing with it an old and valued friend, Gordon Harker. This is The Jolly Fiddler, a play which has been winning golden opinions out in the country, for it clearly produces both affection and delight and has inspired more than one devotee to raptures in my presence. The story is of an old waiter—Mr. H., of course—and his adventures in the modernising of an ancient hostelry. Even if one can guess the rest, the whimsy, the sentiment, the wisecracks and the dénouement, it sounds just the kind of evening anyone would enjoy. I never met a waiter like Mr. Harker, even at Stones in the old days (when most of them were made up to resemble him), but I should be delighted to find his thumb in my soup.

Bernard Braden, who made a personal success of a dull and morbid role in a suspense play when he first forswore his gifts as a quickfire radio comedian, is reappearing as an actor at The Cambridge next week. This time, thank Heaven, he is not a homicidal maniac but an absent-minded explorer, to whom the passing of time is of small consequence.

the passing of time is of small consequence.

Returning from the frozen north after a mere ten years, he discovers that his daughter has transferred her interest from dolls to guys—a circumstance which has befallen many an unsuccessful Uncle in an even shorter space. The play, No News From Father, is described as a fantastic comedy and is by Leonard Huizinga. The enchanting Miss Eleanor Summerfield is the irre-widow.

The bride and bridegroom with bridesmaids Miss Elizabeth Vernon-Powell, Senorita Elena Llacuna, from Barcelona, Miss Julie Trueta, sister of the bride, and Miss Helena Trueta, from Mexico City. The pages are Michael and (sitting) Antony Strubell

BRAZIL TO OXFORD FOR A WEDDING

ACADEMIC OXFORD gathered to welcome guests from Spain and Brazil, when Dr. Ramon Trias, a lawyer of Barcelona, married Miss Montserrat Trueta, daughter of the Nuffield Professor of Orthopædic Surgery at the University. After the reception at Worcester College, of which the Professor is a Fellow, the young couple left to start for their honeymoon in Italy



Mr. Charles Stagnetto, formerly at Pembroke, was with Mrs. Stagnetto making friendly advances to a swan



Among the University guests were Professor T. P. Kilner, Nuffield Professor of Plastic Surgery, and the Master of Balliol, Sir David Keir, here with Lady Keir and Mr. J. C. Scott



Senor and Senora Samaranch, and Senor and Senora Ensesa. Fifty friends from Spain attended the wedding, which was at St. Aloysius' Church, and the subsequent reception



A horse of remarkable ancestry provided the steed on which Mr. Raephael Esteve rode up to the delighted Antony Strubell. Looking round the tree is Senorita Adelaide Espinol, while with Mrs. Esteve is Michael Strubell, philosophically eating a banana



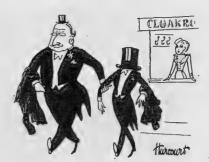
Walking through the quad were Desmond Boyle Mrs. and Miss Carina Boyle



Dr. and Mrs. Trias receiving Mr. Alan Brown, who was Mayor of Oxford last year, and Mrs. Brown



More of the guests, who had flown the previous day from Barcelona. They were Senora Francisca Trias, Senor Roman Camps, Senora Camps and Senora Torras. They were going on to London for a week's stay before flying home



DINING OUT

Calling The Kettle Black

This is obviously an occasion when some-body is going to say, "Practise what you preach," but I have to practise what I practise, so have some excuse if I mutter a few curses at the people who are forever discovering new restaurants and broadcasting the news in all directions.

The moment some place opens and does a first-class job (such as The Matelot in Elizabeth Street, S.W.I, which provides authentic French cuisine in an original atmosphere) a state of bedlam is not far away.

Unless you get there during the first two or three weeks of its life, you find you are turned away from the door because there is no room, and told you must ring for reservations which,

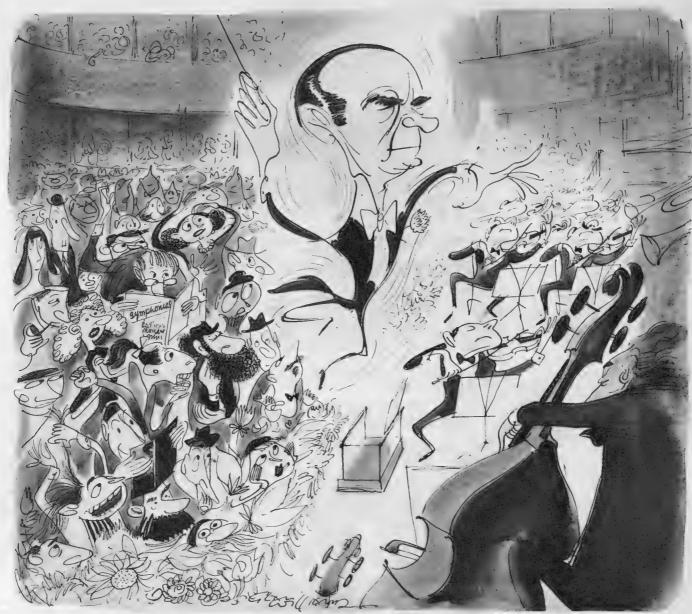
Apart from that, and I am no longer referring to The Matelot, small restaurants who start successfully have a habit, when they see they are on a good thing, of squeezing tables closer and closer together until you eat in acute discomfort. Or they increase prices to such a point that you find yourself unable to go there unless somebody else is paying the bill.

A PLACE I discovered years ago which has fairly well retained freedom of movement, and certainly its quality, is Emberson's Wine Lodge in Pelham Street, South Kensington-a gay little place, used by regular customers who are very regular—more like a club than a pub, which guarantees you will meet

somebody you will be pleased to see.

They have five wines by the glass at the right temperature and in firstclass condition. Six sherries from the cask, the whisky comes out of a barrel, and their large goblets of Beaujolais are a delight. This goes with a *de luxe* cold buffet—the chickens, ducks, salmon, lobsters, hams, etc., come from the right places—and in the winter you can get a bowl of soup (with a sherry in it, on the house) and baked potatoes in their jackets.

THE Mayflower Hotel, between Ripley and I Cobham, is what our American friends would describe as an elegant establishment. The staff are extremely courteous and courtesy is maintained at the same level whether you order an omelette and a glass of water, or a "Suprême de Volaille Mayflower," with a bottle of Haut Brion "34." The Suprême is one of Gabriel Collomb, sets about it: Take one chicken, remove legs and bone breast. Cook slowly in butter seven minutes each side. Add four white mushrooms sliced and allow to cook for five minutes altogether. Add a glass of brandy, reduce, and add a cupful of cream. Simmer for five or six minutes. Add pepper and salt to taste, a little butter to finish. Sounds simple enough—but chefs have a way with them.



SIR MALCOLM SARGENT ought to have been dead years ago. Stricken with a most dreadful illness, he met the situation with the same resilience which had brought him in some thirty years from a Melton Mowbray organ-loft to the conductorship of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and his eighth season in charge of the Proms, and within less than no time "The Boy" was back to delight us again, more active, if possible, than ever.

He might well have been a virtuoso pianist had not Sir Henry Wood discovered his quite unusual conducting gifts. He has a wonderful stick technique, they say. One may not find in everything he conducts the deepest revelation of the human spirit, but his performances are perfect in detail and he is always the complete master of the situation, with a wonderful way with a choir—and the audience. The girls adore him.

Talk around the Town

EDINBURGH. - The room in which we sat was panelled in pinewood which had been lovingly waxed. The two doors were heavy, elegantly carved and moulded; when you closed them they hissed softly and solidly. The overmantel was of marble (a little brother to that at the Savage Club) and the hand of Robert Adam lay unmistakably upon it. Here Shelley had lived, and here talked the sun down with Byron. Here we now sat, my friend and I, picking our way dustily through old parchments and leatherbound books in search of a theatre which we thought Adam might have designed and the great Harry Erskine, sometime Lord Advocate of Scotland, might have used for the entertainment of his guests.

A perfect setting for a romantic search—of which more later.

The Edinburgh Festival ends in a couple of days. Even so, I would feel as a churl were I to pass, as gone and forgotten, that first Sunday of arrival.

It wanted a few seconds to three o'clock. The rain, sometimes slanting viciously down and sometimes falling in gentle, soaking mist, ceased its attack upon the ancient city. The sun peered through the great stained windows of the High Kirk and clothed us all, standing there, in coloured splendour.

In that moment the Festival began, the moment of a tremendous trumpet fanfare probing every aisle and corner of the cathedral, the moment when divine service would praise the Lord and ask for humble blessing. One was sharply aware that this was an

One was sharply aware that this was an entirely proper thing; a beginning in the Christian tradition.

St. Giles' Cathedral is magnificent. The

service of which I speak matched it; and when

all was done and the last trumpet note had fled the vaulted roof, men were (it seemed to me) reluctant to move from their places. Did they think that, viewed from the house of God, the world was indeed an unlovely place? It would have been human to have so thought and to have left hesitantly, slowly and a little afraid. We did leave. And found that the rain had resumed its attack.

As the days passed, the weather improved and the open-air shows suffered less and less. Meantime the great sweep of the Festival went on.

* * *

The musicians and the dramatists, the artists, the film-makers, the producers, the weavers, painters and potters, had their several hours; at least one lecturer drew fewer than half-a-dozen people to his first talk, and a famous Princes Street goldsmith found himself much embarrassed by an Automobile Association signpost which (awry) nominated his premises in brassy yellow and deadly black, "Festival Club." Tourists in their many thousands roamed the grey streets, admired the lovely and ingenious flower-beds and, as night came, gazed at floodlit Edinburgh Castle floating serenely between heaven and earth. The city's tramcars creaked, groaned and strode like Wagner maidens up and down their hilly routes; the taxi-drivers, dour but willing,

affected heather in their peaked caps and grinned sheepishly at the gentle gibes of the locals

All this meant that Edinburgh-essentially a city of merchants, who by tradition and of necessity are sober men, quiet of mien and habit—became a gay place to be in. And not the most earnest, bespectacled concert-goer, score in hand, could make it otherwise.

Merely to walk about became an adventure, the sort of adventure one would expect in (say) Singapore or Hong Kong. One fell quite naturally to guessing nationalities and made up a game (in which the highest points were awarded for identifying a Russian—of course) which could never end satisfactorily. Good manners are part of the Edinburgh way of life and none would dream of addressing a perfect stranger without some sort of introduction, Festival or no Festival.

*

N introduction, it is true, could be of the flimsiest kind, as was the case in James' A flimsiest kind, as was the case in Court, where your correspondent paused on his way to the Camera Obscura for interim reflection and refreshment of the mind. In most of its aspects James' Court is run-down, seedy and a little forbidding. The tall buildings huddle secretly together and their windows have the blank, impersonal stare of the blind.

There shuffled from a narrow doorway the oldest of crones, very wrinkled as to face and hands, muttering I know not what. I was obliged to step back rather sharply so that she might go about her business. She vanished through another doorway as abruptly as she had appeared, her worn slippers making a curiously sinister slithering sound as she went.

At this moment another elderly (though much less so) woman emerged from some darkness hitherto unnoticed by me. Her twinkling blue eyes betokened nothing but friendliness and she instantly put me at my ease by saying, "Dinna worry about the old lady. She's awa' on her messages and hadna' time for talk." Then she looked around and up and down the gloomy court, where one might have thought no bird ever sang nor poet made a couplet, where the very stones looked oppressed with the weight of the violence and rapine which for hundreds of years had unfolded before them. "Ay," she said, "'tis a strange old place. But mark you—Bobbie Burns lived here. 'Twas a respectable lodging-house then." And with that she went, smiling and nodding in a contentment of her own making.

What she had said was true. Burns did live there at one time. Nor was James' Court outwith the knowledge of bold, bad, brash Jame Boswell and his pen. This area is indeed



MISS DEIRDRE REID, daughter of Mr. Ronald W. Reid, M.S., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Reid, of Crepping Hall, Wakes Colne, Essex, has announced her engagement to Lord Primrose, son of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery

steeped in history and a man would be insensitive to a degree did he not here catch the whispered echo of its departed tread.

T is no distance at all from James' Close to Lady Stair's Close. The mansion of that noble lady in the Close is now a museum; but we are more interested in another and closer link. The founder of The TATLER, Sir Richard Steele, was a man of many parts, having his downs as well as his ups. Without question downs as well as his ups. Without question he was a great journalist, but affluence did not come to him from his craft. The accession of the House of Hanover provided the wind to fill his sails and set him at last upon a fair and true course. Justice of the Peace, Deputy-Lieutenant of Middlesex, Surveyor of the Royal Stables, Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians (very lucrative, it was said)—these were some of his appointments.

Steele came to Scotland after the suppression of the Jacobite rebellion as one of the commissioners of forfeited estates. Most people seemed to think him a just man. Certainly he was a kindly one, impulsive and generous. How else would you find at the entrance to Lady Stair's Close a bronze plaque recording the fact that in 1717 Steele gave, in a tavern there, ". . . supper to a company of eccentric beggars"?

Did he think of that supper when, in later years, he was so sore beset with money troubles that he had to retire to his wife's estate in Carmarthen and there die?

And how, and in what manner, were the beggars eccentric? Had they something of the comedian about them that they should so take the Irishman's fancy?

THE search for a lost theatre, mentioned at the commencement of this correspondence. brought my friend and me within half a mile of the scene of Steele's strange supper. And there we found it—above a furnishing and hardware store in South Gray's Close.

Where once gentlemen of the middle eighteenthcentury reclined in graceful indolence applauding the players, or rolled an elegant (and roguish?) eye at the ladies through a spy-glass, or took a pinch of fine snuff with true style, there now stand rolls of linoleum, kettles, jugs, tins, bowls, mirrors, frying pans, rolling-pins and cheap china ornaments—the necessary clutter of the Age of the Common Housewife.

We measured the tiny place to be 65 ft. long and 20 ft. wide as to the auditorium. The minute stage was no more than 12 ft. in depth. The whole adjoins, in rear, the house on the High Street in which the Erskine family once lived. Lord Advocate Henry Erskine was born in 1746 and of him a plaque in the wall says, "No poor man wanted a friend while Harry Erskine lived." His younger (by three years) brother was Thomas Lord Erskine, sometime Lord Chancellor of England—and a very remarkable man indeed. I am not clear—and could not find out with any certainty-whether the Erskines used the theatre as such; it is possible, perhaps probable. The mouldings, now fallen largely into disrepair, are in the Adam fashion and may even have been the work of one or other of the brothers. The great ceiling lights are oval-shaped in the manner so sweetly used by Robert Adam and the proportions seemed to me to be altogether right.

What we did establish was that the premises, together with the great vaults through which we wandered, were sold in December, 1735, by William Hamilton of Little Ernoch to William Bell and that William Bell's son, John, in turn sold the property in 1750 making singularly little profit. Poor John. He was but a soldier, a foot-slogger in Colonel Guise's Regiment of Foot (Captain Graham's Company) and so presumably had no great head for business.

-Sean Fielding







Flourish of Traditional Skills at the Highland Gathering in Market Park, Crieff

Chieftain D. Maitland Gardner, M.B.E., T.D., was chatting knowledgeably to Major H. P. Lindsay

Miss Mariette de Clercq, a visitor from France, Dr. H. A. Graham, from Perth, and Miss Loraine Graham

The Secretary, Mr. James Reid, congratulating Miss Agnes Stewart, a prizewinner in the Highland Reels



MRS. MICHAEL FARRA, wearing a gaily striped swimsuit, sets out for a paddle on the sunlit waters of Madeira. Mrs. Farra, an Englishwoman, owns, in partnership

Priscilla of Paris

with her husband, a flourishing embroidery business in Funchal

An Iron Taboo Is Broken

FROM THE ISLAND.—We speak softly and steal about on tiptoe; we don our summer frocks with a strange feeling of unreality, and when we step beyond the garden gate it is with difficulty that we make up our mind to leave our raincoats at home. For three whole days we have been sweltering in glorious sunshine; it seems so incredible that we are awestruck.

Many years ago an eminent journalist—by name John N. Raphael—told me that one must never start an article, or even a letter, with remarks about the weather. Hitherto I have followed his excellent advice, but I cannot help thinking that maybe John never lived through the sort of summer from which we have suffered this year. As for

the letters I have received from all over France—to say nothing of Great Britain it looks as if my correspondents have never heard of this taboo or, until this morning, of fine weather either!

N the other hand, a friend who is Something-in-Films (a greatly overrated profession, I gather) writes me about a disconsolate day passed at l'Etang la Ville, the charming little locality where H. C. Clouzot is filming certain scenes of Les Diaboliques. Judging from the title, and the fact that Simone Signoret ("Golden Marie"), Paul Meurisse and Charles Vanel head the cast, it probably will be one of his most powerful, sombre and blood-chilling productions. It was unfortunate, therefore,

that most of the working hours that day were passed in waiting for the clouds to mask the too, too solid sun . . . and the clouds did not oblige!

Another Slave of the Sunlight tells me that at Versailles the sun was welcomed, but not the heat. The high spot of M. Sacha Guitry's Napoleon was being filmed, this being the screen reproduction of Jacques Louis David's great picture, Le Sacre de Napoléon. The Emperor, who has just been crowned by Pope Pius VII., takes the Imperial crown and places it himself on Josephine's head. Weighted down with their magnificent, gold-embroidered robes and heavy velvet trains lined with real ermine, their jewelled frocks and their gold-laced uniforms, the players—from the greatest stars to the only slightly less great walkers-on—ended that endless day several kilos lighter in weight than when they started at cock-crow.

The scene ought, of course, to have been shot at the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, which, as well as being historically correct, would have been cooler, but, like the clouds, the authorities of the Church did not see their way to oblige.

FRIENDS on the Riviera seem quite annoyed that we are having this spell of fine weather; they have piped down about their glorious climate, so that we can no longer make the retort discourteous about the dry and stunted vegetation of the south.

André Chamart—of Skye Terrier fame—writes me from Juan les Pins of the party given by Fernand Gravet—written Gravey on passports, but altered, for poster and programme purposes, as being, says Fernand, "less germane to the stock-pot!" This was to raise funds for lost, stolen and strayed dogs in need of a home. Fernand Gravet and his charming wife, Jane Renouardt, are Airedale fanciers, and own some fine specimens of that breed. Amongst the guests were Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, Rhonda Flemming, Simone Roseray, Jean Gabriel Domergue; Mrs. Campbell Johnston and Lilian Harvey.

Maurice Chevalier, who was trying out a new song-programme at Juan at that time, is not mentioned as being present. It is true that in all the years I have known "Momo"—some forty-odd, no less—I have never seen him in the guise of a dog lover. His forthcoming volume of memoirs—the sixth unless I am mistaken—will be entitled Noces d'Or (Golden Wedding). We are wondering who with.

Here on the Island we are making the most of our golden days and silver nights, but—as I have already suggested—somewhat timorously and all set to run for cover. We are also chuckling with amusement over the statement made by the writer of the weather forecasts in l'Aurore: "It has not rained more or been really colder than usual, but the sun has not shown itself so much as in other years." As doubting Thomas may have said: "So what?"

Enfin!

• Mistinguett, on hearing that Maurice Chevalier has at last obtained his visa for the States: "How that boy does get about!"



The grounds of Monzie Castle provide a magnificent view of the Perthshire countryside and the waters of Loch More are good for trout. Here fishing is the laird's son, Charles Maitland-Makgill-Crichton

A PEACEFUL STRONGHOLD OF THE CLAN COUNTRY



MONZIE CASTLE, Crieff, the Scottish home of Major Douglas Maitland-Makgill-Crichton and his wife, stands at the foot of the Highland hills. It was once a stronghold of the Campbell Clan, but its history became more peaceful as old feuds were forgotten. Successive generations have added to its beauty: a two-storeyed wing was built during the reign of Charles I., visiting monarchs—Queen Victoria, George V. and Queen Mary—planted trees to commemorate their stay, and, finally, the whole castle was extensively restored by the late Sir Robert Lorimer



In one of the fine old rooms are Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton and her son Charles



From their pleased expressions it might seem that Linda and Gloria Simpson, together with their friend Christine Strong, had just brought to light the proverbial needle in the haystack



Clare, daughter of the Hon. Hugo and Mrs. Money-Coutts, was having a spot of bother with her foot



Well pleased with life, Euthalia Louboudis, whose father is a shipowner, bounced happily up and down in her pram



So many interesting things live in the grass if you take the trouble to find them, as Mrs. F. J. Maguire and her children, Maire (left) and Hugh were discovering



It's fun going for a drive in the po you have such a good, obedient hors

HAYMAKING TIME NEAR FAIRY DELL



Pandora Pakenham put a steadying arm round brother Anthony. Their father, Mr. D. Pakenham, is in the Foreign Office



ought Jane Shepherd, especially when u and her brother Anthony are on a from Australia

W kinds of hay can be made while the un shines, and here some of the younger are seen putting in overtime in Hyde during a recent auspicious break in the which allowed their high spirits full play



"Would you like to play with us?" asked Vicki Landford and Karen Elizabeth Sheridan. "We've got a new ball"



Caroline Joll, who is three-and-a-half, was making a daisy-chain, while her eleven-month-old brother William did a little limbering up. Their home is in Pelham Place, Kensington



All this running around on a hot afternoon makes a chap thirsty, and Justin Sayer was glad when his mother, Mrs. A. P. Sayer, appeared on the scene with a cool drink of orangeade



"The fairies . . . probably organised this fiasco . . . "

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By

IGHTLY or wrongly, it seems to this department that the nth attempt, now in progress under the auspices of the 11th Duke of Argyll, to raise the treasuregalleon Duque de Florencia from the bottom of Tobermory Bay may be complicated by the possibility that this same ship returned to Spain in 1588, as some authorities (vide Press) now assert.

Nobody told the fourth Duke about this, we perceive from Smollett's reference to the celebrated attempt of the 1730's, when the Duke's divers struck a hull too deep in sand for exploration and ultimately picked up a couple of brass cannon and some odd scraps of plate. It seems to us that if the Duque had returned to Spain the fairies (who in those parts are all Jacobites) probably organised this fiasco, among others. Deluding Campbells of every size and shape and "salting" the sea-floor to encourage their dreams of unearned dough would be a typical bit of fairy mischief, like the rout of the Whigs at Prestonpans a few years later the Whigs at Prestonpans a few years later— for how otherwise, cullies, could Sir John Cope's boys have taken that woundy beating? The spectacle of the powerful Clan Campbell diving into The Bay Which Loves To Be Dived Into in search of The Treasure-Ship Which Isn't There would make a real Highland situation, causing the Little Good People to bust their tiny disaffected philabegs, we dare aver. Absit omen. Another real Highland situation, incidentally, is

that Tobermory this time is a-swarm with film boys. Look out for the underwater Technicolor love-sequence in the next Bonnie Prince Charlie epic.

Pickup

IN the belly of a 40-ton blue whale caught off the Australian coast the other day was found an old tin can containing a torn lottery-ticket discarded by a sailor lately in Cape Town. The cry of one of Auntie *Times's* boys that a fish this size should not be "turned into an ocean litter-basket" seems to us typically

frivolous and lacking in civism.

Every earnest supporter of the Anti-Litter League will prefer to believe that this excellent

whale had a mission, being determined to keep the Pacific tidy and to set an example to sailors, who are far too fond of tossing their rubbish overboard. We must confess to having once thrown a couple of best-selling novels and a book of essays on the World-Soul into the Atlantic, midway between New York and Liverpool, but this was a petulant impulse, instantly regretted. You say we should have asked the captain at once to heave to and have the stuff picked up. Half a gale was blowing, unfortunately, the glass was falling rapidly, it was near midnight in a nasty sea, and the wireless-operator couldn't (or said he couldn't) contact any ship within twenty miles. Let us contact any ship within twenty miles. Let us hope some public-spirited whale was not far off.

Afterthought

CEAGOING litter-hostesses in dainty marine uniform will occur to all as the obvious answer. Bins fixed at 5-yard intervals along every deck—with many more, of course, in stokeholds and crews' quarters—and a halfshy, halfsaucy appeal would keep the high seas relatively tidy. Contrariwise, not a few hostesses would find themselves tossed overboard at intervals, probably; a thrilling occupational risk to any girl with adventure in her blood—as what English Rose has not? Write to "Auntie Westward Ho," c/o Joe's Bar.

Wuff

WAS disappointed," remarked the Turk who recently emerged from the Channel one night at 12.30 and landed near Dover to find the beach deserted and all the locals tucked up in beddybyes, dreaming of Bogey. He returned to Calais by boat rightly piqued, in our unfortunate view.

Had this Turk been an Airedale the whole population of Southern England, warned hourly by the BBC, would have been waiting on that beach with nice hot cups of tea since dawn of the previous day, as everybody will realise. You pipe up and allege that no Airedale could swim the Channel. Down our way we think Major Rampole's Airedale could. We don't of course believe those ridiculous "shaggy-dog"

stories-in fact Major Rampole's Airedale, Harborough by name, himself warned the Major some time ago during their long evening talks that 90 per cent. of these yarns are, in Harborough's own words, "utterly divorced from reality." But his own case is somewhat different, as you may gather from the conversation immediately following Harborough's warning, duly recorded by the Major in his diary next morning:

Major: Why do you use such long words, Harborough?

HARB: It's partly a trick I picked up last month when I used to bite the pants off that novelist at Wistaria Cottage.

Major: And of course you read a lot.

HARB: I wouldn't say "a lot." There's such a thing as a discriminating taste. (Pause.)

MAJOR (musingly): I wonder why a dog like you doesn't get into the papers.

HARB (coldly): I had another poem in the New Statesman last month. Not that it means much

Major: I don't mean highbrow stuff, I meanwell, if you could swim the Channel or something. see what I mean?

HARB: "If!" "(Contemptuous laugh.)

This prospect greatly excited Major Rampole, who got up, gesticulated, fell down, and was put to bed as usual by Harborough and Pugsley, the handy-man. Down our way we think some-thing may come of it when the Major gets back this time from the rest-home.

Moggy

OASTING defiantly about their tailless cats brings the dim and dubious locals of the Isle of Man some relief on Sundays, on which day they are deprived of drinks by a recent ukase of the House of Keys, an explorer lately in those parts tells us. Including the Welch, who are equally oppressed and have no cats worth mentioning, the rest of the Celtic family thinks those boys get what they deserve, as anyone can discover.

To the Bretons—judging by a look we got from one of them on raising the point some time ago during the Pardon of Sainte-Anne-La-Palud (Finistère)—a million tailless cats would bring no solace if anybody tried to interfere with their ancient tradition of having a drink whenever they feel like it; in which event the Bretons would rise en masse and create far worse bobbery than they did when they blew up the statue of Anne of Brittany at Rennes a few years ago. Duchess Anne merely brought Brittany under the French Crown. Pity need not be wasted on the Manx, there-

fore. The shame and embarrassment of their cats is another matter, and we'd welcome your views on it, though not particularly.



". . . . Having a drink whenever they feel like it. . .



Victor Yorke

A MORNING GOSSIP WITH SOME PONIES IN THE NEW FOREST

FORTNIGHT in camp with their ponies has made a blissful holiday for members of the New Forest Hunt Pony Club. Somerley Park, near Ringwood, home of Lord Normanton, they have been schooled in all branches of horsemanship. Here Jemma Spencer, Jane Burroughs, Bridget Culverwell, Hilary Hughes and Caroline Merrick are having a chat before feeding their ponies



BUBBLE & SQUEAK

AFTER accompanying her husband on a business trip, during which she had to attend many official dinners, a woman returned home to her children. One of the first questions she was asked by an excited youngster was, "What did you

**Moreover the series of thicken, potatoes and peas," she said.

"How many peas did you eat?" was the next question.

"Six thousand, seven hundred and institute of "

ninety-two!"

"Oh, Mummy. How do you know?"
"My child," said the mother wearily,
"what do you think I do when your
daddy's talking?"

THE recently-married couple were just back The recently-married couple were just back from a honeymoon trip around the world. They were entertaining the husband's elder brother, the black sheep of the family.

"My goodness," gushed the wife, "we 've been everywhere and seen everything."

"Have you ever had delirium tremens?" inquired the brother politely.

"Why, of course not!" was the shocked answer.

"Well, then, my dear," said the other,

"you've never been anywhere and you haven't seen anything."

RIVING up to the garage for some petrol, the driver said to the mechanic, "When-ever it touches seventy there's a knocking in the engine.'

The mechanic went over the car and after much testing of the engine he wiped the grease from his hands and drawled,

"I don't see nothing wrong, mister. must be the heavens a-warnin' of you."

The young artist kissed his model.

"I expect you do that to all your models," she said.

"No," he replied. "You are the first."

"How many have you had?"

"Four," he answered. "A rose, an onion, a banana and you."

At The Pictures

RENAISSANCE OF ASQUITH



Young lovers David Knight and Odile Versois laughing at the Iron Curtain

It was about time we had an outstanding British picture again and here it is: The Young Lovers. It goes straight on the year's short list.

Anthony Asquith is the director and with this work he descends from the ivory tower where he has lingered of late and again takes his place among the first rank of cinema technicians.

The plot is as old as the world and as new as to-morrow—the opposition between private love and public duty. A U.S. Embassy official in London (David Knight) makes the accidental acquaintance of the daughter (Odile Versois) of an Iron Curtain Minister at the ballet. When they discover their identities it is too late to turn back. They are in love. Both are in confidential positions and their tender association comes under suspicion from both sides. Both are loyal citizens and both are loyal lovers. There is no way out of this situation.

In the end, of course, love laughs at the Iron Curtain. It has to, I suppose, for box-office reasons. But one can forgive the rather far-fetched ending because in the meantime we have been shown the stuff of true tragedy: the irreconcilable conflict in which all parties are acting correctly according to their lights—the lovers and the American and Communist authorities.

DILE VERSOIS and David Knight are excellently cast as the lovers and they graduate into the top class of film performers. In tune with Asquith's selective, restrained and accurate direction they move us with all the tenderness, bitterness, passion, innocence and single-mindedness of this Romeo and Juliet of the Cold War.

The other parts are very well done, too. I must name David Kossoff as the Communist Minister, Theodore Bikel as his attaché, Joseph Tomelty as the M.I.5 agent and Peter Illing as the doctor.

Dialogue is to the point, with no frills. Music from "Swan Lake" is most effectively used. And how refreshing to see a film where editing and direction are so exact that the pictures by themselves tell the story.

Am afraid one must lower one's critical sights to deal with Flame and the Flesh. It is about a wicked, oh so wicked woman (Lana Turner) and the tricks she plays on over-simplified males headed by Carlos Thompson and Bonar Colleano.

At the start we seem to be in for an ordinary musical which will not place much strain on the intelligence or the taste. Then it becomes apparent that we are being read a rather heavy moral lesson, to wit, that promiscuous lovers of either sex sooner or later finish up in trouble. Lana Turner portrays an Italian girl whose moral fibre has been undermined by "twenty years of despair in post-war Europe," the handout tells us. The message would come through more clearly if Miss Turner did not look inescapably like a charming and prosperous Hollywood actress.

—Dennis W. Clarke



THE TWO FAIR SABRINAS

AUDREY HEPBURN, of the wide eyes and gazelle grace, brings an impish sophistication to the screen Sabrina. Almost over-night, it seems, she rose to stardom—gaining an Oscar for her performance in Roman Holiday—setting a new fashion in feminine beauty. Her latest film, Sabrina Fair, made for Paramount, with Humphrey Bogart and William Holden, and due here in mid-September, will throw into contrast the two versions of this latest American heroine



Baron

-OF SCREEN AND STAGE

MARJORIE STEELE, who is playing Sabrina so captivatingly at the Palace Theatre, London, has achieved a success that more than justifies the years of hard work which preceded it. Born in Reno and educated at San Francisco, she came up the hard way, for she paid for her training at dramatic school by working as a sales girl. Later she made several films and appeared in such successful plays as While the Sun Shines. She is married to Mr. Huntingdon Hartford and has two children

Television

PLAYS ARE TRUMPS

• Freda Bruce Lockhart •

SEPTEMBER seems to spell an Indian Summer for TV's Drama Department.

Next Sunday we get Harold Clayton's production of that magical Irish comedy, Denis Johnston's Moon in the Yellow River.

I have never forgotten Nan Munro as Aunt Columba wheeling her bicycle upstairs. Jean Anderson should make a valiant new Columba. Others cast by Clayton in the TV version include Harry Hutchinson, one of the original Irish players, in his old part of George, Malcolm Keene and Denis O'Dea.

The following Sunday brings to the studio George Rylands, the Shakespearean scholar whose stage productions have won such renown in Cambridge and beyond. Rylands is to coproduce with Douglas Allen a televised *Troilus and Cressida*, one of his most famous stage productions.

For TV the stars will be John Fraser and Mary Watson, with Helen Shingler as Helen, Jill Balcon as Cassandra and William Squire, who gave such a beautiful display of eighteenth-century acting in the prelude to Stage by Stage, as Hector. John Fraser's notable success in Love and Miss Figgis as the Scots electrician hardly prepared us to see him so soon in such a part as Troilus.

Tuesday promises another TV occasion in Stephen Harrison's production of Montserrat. Stephen Murray plays the Commandant, and Denholm Elliot the soldier (played by Richard Burton at the Lyric, Hammersmith) in Lilian Hellman's adaptation of Emmanuel Robles' powerful play about militarist ruthlessness in the days of Bolivar in Venezuela.

So Tall Story Club wins the first round of the panel game contest. If the chairman continues to keep discreetly in the background (lesson one for chairmen), it at least provides a less rigid formula for individual invention.

for chairmen), it at least provides a less rigid formula for individual invention. Friday sounds like a cue for singing "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?" to Richard Dimbleby. His visit to Skye, including a meeting with the present Dame Flora Macleod, will be the last of the About Britain series, which has offered such a boon to armchair tourists. Dimbleby would like to go on to an "About Europe" series. Many good arguments, including his splendid Malta programme following the Queen's visit, might persuade the B.B.C. that there could be no better guide to people and places, rather than politics and economics.

IDAN CRAWLEY moves up top among TV interviewers since his fine programme on Ireland in the fortnightly Viewfinder series. His tact and charm made plain that he inspired the same confidence in all whom he interviewed, from Mr. De Valera and Mr. Costello to nuns in the convent and peasants in their pubs, as in viewers. The same qualities were as valuable in showing us the American Forces in Britain.

Most successful outsider among recent plays was Love and Miss Figgis. Written, produced and

played with passionate sincerity, the result loaded honour upon author producer Tatian Lieven, and the whole cast, led by Beatrix Lehmann as the schoolmistress, and Doreen Aris, really looking like her scholarship pupil.





KAMALA MARKANDAYA is the author of Nectar in a Sieve (Putnam; 12s. 6d.), the story of a tenant farmer's life in Madras Province in the immediate post-war years. Formerly a student at Madras University, Miss Markandaya came to England in 1948 to take up a writing career, and is married to an Englishman

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

In Confidence From Miss Barrett

For ten years, two ladies conducted what would now be known as a pen friendship. Neither were strangers to the pen: one was a poetess, in London, the other, dwelling solidly in the country, was the popular author of rural sketches and of two or three tragedies, more ambitious. ELIZABETH BARRETT TO MISS MITFORD (John Murray; 25s.) is a collection of letters, written within the years 1836-46, edited and introduced by Betty Miller.

They are, as the title indicates, by one hand only, "E. B. B.'s": the older lady's part in the correspondence is to be assumed—its warmth, its nature, the views expressed may be guessed at from the younger lady's replies. For Elizabeth Barrett dealt with each point minutely; and, thanks to this and to revealing foot-notes by Mrs. Miller, Miss Mitford's vigorous personality emerges no less clearly than does her delicate friend's.

The ten years end with Elizabeth Barrett's elopement with Robert Browning. Inevitably, the love-affair and the marriage (which, as we know, continued to be 'a love-affair) threw the feminine friendship into eclipse. From the moment of Browning's appearance upon the scene—his appearance in person, that is to say—Miss Mitford (though, poor thing, she was slow

to know it) ceased to enjoy Miss Barrett's entire confidence. Onward from a certain interesting date one perceives, on Elizabeth Barrett's side, not exactly a cooling-off, but a guardedness. For alas, the downright spinster's attitude to the poet had long been one that one could not wish; she considered Browning effeminate, and his work affected. Miss Barrett had, from the first, vehemently protested against this view. Fascinated and moved by the poetry, she had been feeling an interest in its writer long before Browning paid his first, famous call at 50, Wimpole Street.

BETWEEN the two who were to become "the Brownings," ardent mutual literary admiration was to ripen into passionate love at a speed perhaps only possible for poets. Miss Barrett triumphantly gave the lie to Miss Mitford's former generalisation that literary ladies were all ugly—her dark-eyed, languorous Creole beauty, not less than her literary gift, had made its way direct to Miss Mitford's heart years before it wreaked havoc with Robert Browning's. For the two ladies did meet—first once, then (after an interval filled in by the ever more flourishing correspondence) several times, when Miss Mitford visited London.

On what was to prove a memorable day, Mr. Kenyon had taken the two of them, in his carriage, to the diorama in Regent's Park. Mr. Kenyon, a wealthy widower cousin of the

Barretts', one of that family's wide West Indian connection, might be described as collecting ladies, with a particular bias towards celebrities: Miss Mitford, as authoress of Our Village, was his reigning lioness in 1836—that is, on the day of the diorama—and his plan to include in the expedition his gifted but so far obscure young cousin was a typically far-seeing and generous one.

Iss Barrett's cult of solitude was, though partly enforced by illness, essentially that of the exaltée. A certain quality in her (which, before she reached fame, made her poetry irritating to critics) did indeed stop not far short of morbidity; to some extent, perhaps, this was a family trait. The play The Barretts of Wimpole Street, whether seen or read, has forever spotlit that interior—its barricades, its interbred neurosis. One must remember that this Elizabeth was of a time when invalidism was in itself a career, and salute her for having embraced another. That she had genius as a poet remains, in our day, open to question, but fire, intensest feeling and originality she undoubtedly had.

Those attributes are in the best of her letters. Others, less palatable, are marred by the self-solicitudes of a sick woman, and by claustrophobia bred by her dreadful room, into which fresh air was let (we learn) only once a year! "If you knew what a builder of dungeons in the air I am," she writes (early in the correspondence). "No cloud is too black to be my cornerstone."

She is at her most human when indulging the passion she shared with Miss Mitford—passion for gossip: she can be naughty, is often funny. The young Queen Victoria (then, alas, going through a phase of unpopularity) is a topic of constant interest to her. There are enchanting portraits of Flush, that exuberant little dog. And in her room she read voraciously, widely, and her literary judgments are acute—though as to Jane Austen, she seems all but

Would one have liked Miss Barrett? I greatly doubt it. As Mrs. Browning, she was another being. But even at their most fevered, complaining, frantic, her letters put a peculiar compulsion on one. Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Mitford is a book strangely impossible to lay down. We are left to follow her with our mind's eye as she steps out into the sunshine with Robert Browning.

* * *

THAT a woman poet (this time, contemporary) can also make a distinguished novelist is shown by May Sarton's latest, loveliest novel, A SHOWER OF SUMMER DAYS (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.). Dominating as a character in the story is its scene—a solitary country house in Ireland, standing in massive bareness under the mountains. Dene's Court is more than a dwelling, it is an entity; years of shut-up emptiness have intensified and concentrated within it the mysterious forces of the past. Generations of Denes, from father to son, have lived out their successive destinies here—nor by any means is the story over.

Continued on page 434



"These fairy stories quite carry me away darling"

An illustration from The Lover's Pocketbook (Perpetua; 7s. 6d.), drawings of the most charming fantasy by Raymond Peynet, French cartoonist



At their cacti stand in the main marquee were Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver W. H. Leese, Bt., and Lady Leese, who were talking to (centre) Mr. Francis Weld of Birkdale, and Mr. William Edelmann, a visitor from Holland

THE NORTH BLOOMED with flowers, both native and exotic, at the great Southport Flower Show, when the floral marquees had as their allies, in drawing a huge attendance, a programme of international jumping, sheepdog trials and bee-keeping. Together they made 1954 one of the Show's great vintage years



Watching a sheepdog demonstration were Brig.-Gen. Troup Miller, commanding the U.S.A.F. at Burtonwood, and Mrs. Miller



On the way to see one of the jumping events: Miss June Coddington and her mother, Mrs. H. G. Coddington



Three of the competitors in the jumping classes, Miss Gene Whewell, Mr. Alan Oliver and Miss Georgina Peerman from South Africa, with Mr. Bernard Barr, a ring steward



Brig. C. V. L. Lycett (R.H.S. Secretary), Ald. Mrs. E. Smith, J.P., Mayor of Southport, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon (R.H.S. President), Miss Jean Smith (Mayoress), and the Rev. A. Stout



John French

Draped line -Narrow Skirt

THIS charming little jumper-suit by Marcusa, which is our Fashion Choice of the Week, is made of cocoa-brown worsted wool. Notice the pretty line of the draped jumper top and the elegant, narrow skirt. This, we think, is an excellent lunchtime outfit that is adaptable enough for most afternoon occasions. Priced at 10 guineas, it is stocked by Dickins & Jones, who sell all the accessories

-MARIEL DEANS





The little blonde felt hat draped with brown jersey is a copy of a French model. It costs £3 13s. 9d. The marmot tie is 7 guineas, the jewelled brooch belongs to the jumper suit

A big grosgrain handbag, the handle attached by huge gilt rings, has a black leather-covered frame and handle. It costs £42s. The long, dull fabric gloves are 16s.6d.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

Y brain, I have come to the conclusion, gets too much rest—the things that want a holiday are my hands and feet. Change of sink, so often the only thing provided by furnished houses, houseboats, caravans, etc., is just no good to me—even the switch in scenery and routine produced by staying in hotels so often has turned out to be for the worse. As for exhausting holidays sailing or walking or riding or driving madly over Great Britain or the Continent, my illusions have been too often shattered by weather or big ends.

I therefore announce my intention of smashing precedents by taking a week off on one of those cultural weeks one sees advertised. I shall either enjoy it, I argue, in which case it will be profit as well as months of conversation.



Or I shall be miserable, in which case it will only be a week and then even more, and funnier, conversation.

My husband is tolerant, though unambitious to share the experience. We discard bird-watching holidays as too wet, World Problem holidays as too exhausting, archaeology and topography holidays as too rugged, and eventually pick on a pleasant week in the country listening to lectures and discussions about Literature.

AFTER a chaotic time spent parking children with aunts, all of whom greet this honour with a disconcerting, "Well, if you honestly can't get anybody else..." I dedicate my husband to the care of friends and depart. I am welcomed enthusiastically by a charming host, who warns me that the beds at this place are famous for their hardness and the food for its austerity, but that I shall have little time to linger in or over either. He also says that he is starting off by mixing everybody up in a party in the evening at which we must all wear buttonholes representing the title of a well-known literary work. He then beams the welcoming smile elsewhere, and I am left to agonize about famous books, unable, of course, to remember a single title except ones like Tom Jones or Clarissa, which one cannot wear in a buttonhole.

Go on concentrating during dinner in spite of conversation about book titles which is running riot all round—at least we none of us have time to notice the food except to ask for salt. Later closeted in my bedroom for quietude, I think out traffic lights with the middle section permanently alight (too



Deréta's heavy tweed skirt, made in black and white coat-weight material, is cut with rolled, unpressed pleats for fullness. It is sold by Dickins & Jones

Autumn Clothes— Provençal Setting

PHOTOGRAPHED in the golden sunshine of the old hill-top town of Cagnes, in the South of France, we show clothes designed for the woman who lives either in the country or in a little country town. Tough, warm and endlessly smart, these are clothes that will prove themselves real friends during the autumn months that lie ahead

—MARIEL DEANS



This top coat of one hundred per cent natural wool alpaca is made by Moorcott. Very light in weight, although so warm, it is lined right through with checked wool. Debenham & Freebody are the stockists

CONTINUING DIARY OFALADY...

obvious), or a steamer ticket marked Calcutta

(slightly more subtle).

I decide, as this is supposed to be Culture, on the latter and go down wearing inade-quately designed poster to that effect. The main hall is crammed with people, dozens of them wearing travel tickets alleged to take them to Delhi, Madras, etc. We grin sheepishly at one another and pass on to find yet more people wearing miniature traffic lights. Several people announce wittily that there should be a prize for the first person to find twenty Passages To India or Forever Ambers.

BEDS are all they are reported, and only with difficulty do I hurtle into breakfast to learn, through the noise of a contralto parrot house, that there is a lecture on the Nineteenth-century Novel immediately afterwards. This lasts an hour, and it is just like being back at college, except that as I am paying for it myself instead of having it paid for by my parents, I feel it my duty to listen and even to take notes, which afterwards I cannot read. After lunch—school rather than



university standard—we have the Twentieth-century Detective Story—on this I ask what I consider an intelligent question, but the lecturer asks me to speak up please, so that they can hear at the back of the hall.

We also have about two Discussion Groups a day, during which about fifty of us crowd into a room, wait for one brave soul to say something before anyone else does, and at once divide automatically into couples and tell one another simultaneously but with bright, encouraging smiles, what we think and what we thought when we were fifteen, and how these two opinions differ.

At the end of the week the only people who have not enjoyed themselves are a few small, quiet men with spectacles and gentle baritone voices who have not been able to make themselves heard—apart from them, everyone stands about among their luggage saying what a wonderful, stimulating experience it has been talking to such intelligent,

When I get home my husband says I look as if I needed a holiday, and asks me what I learned about Eng. Lit. On reflection I am forced to reply, "Not much," but that I have enjoyed myself in an unprecedented manner as did almost everybody else. We agree more or less amicably that this is possibly because I have been able to talk practically incessantly except actually during the lectures, whereas at home I am frequently forced to listen for minutes at a time to other people. He also asks me what the weather was like. It dawns on me for the first time that I didn't even notice.

-Diana Gillon



.. Autumn Clothes

THE long-waisted, all wool knop tweed suit by Alexon on the opposite page is cut with a very easy line. It has a huge collar and prettily curved slit pockets in the jacket. Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge are the retailers. The double-breasted, black and white checked wool jacket by Ledux on this page has a long straight body line, a sensible collar and big patch pockets. The inverted pleat in the back of the coat allows for complete freedom of movement. Harrods stock it



J. Hollander

JEAN CLELAND Selects -

Something for a Man

AS a change from choosing feminine frivolities to please ourselves, we turn our attention this week to gifts for men. These have the spice of novelty which we hope may prove acceptable



This elegant pair of riding boots provides a unique way of offering a cigarette and a light. Very good value indeed for £5 10s. Od. From Harrods

Weather Forecast. A new idea in table barometers is this attractive model. The barometer itself is set in leather, and stands on a leather base. A chromium horseshoe frames the pigskin setting of the dial. An expensive looking gift for the modest cost of £3, it may be obtained from Selfridges



Present de-luxe for a man is this superb quality coach-hide brief case, with three inside compartments roomy enough to take papers and overnight things. Price £6 17s. 6d. from Simpson, Piccadilly





For a bachelor party is this set of silver-plated cocktail sticks, each with a different inn-sign on one side, and the title of the inn—the "Bell," the "Swan," etc.—on the other. An easy way to identify one's own glass amid the enjoyable social hubbub. Price £3 15s. From Selfridges

One for luck from this horseshoe brandy flask from Harrods. A warmly welcome, and very distinctive, gift for any man. Price £4 4s. 6d.



Dennis Smith

IN TOWN **TODAY**

C TILL on the tricky trail of what to give when it comes to choosing presents for men, I went along to Harrods to see the latest thing in ties. Two new kinds, I was assured by experts, are in great demand

One is a mesh tie that looks like the softest silk in a variety of attractive colours. The great advantage of this is that it stands up to hard wear, does not crease, and keeps its

The other is a tie with an 18-carat gold thread, which has not been available since before the war and is only just on the market again. The gold shimmers discreetly, yet looks rich in the best sense of the word, like the scent of a good cigar or the bouquet of a vintage wine. If you think the price of two guineas is high, remember that the thread really is gold and not just a substitute that merely glistens.

merely glistens.

In the same department I was shown the new "wool and terylene" slacks for men, which are washable, keep their creases and need no pressing. If this is so, it seems worth while gently to persuade husbands to take a look at them look at them.

Ar Simpson, in Piccadilly, I indulged a secret passion for expensive and elegant-looking luggage, and spent a happy half-hour talking to the buyer and picking out several pieces I would dearly like to purchase for my husband. "Dearly" is the stumbling black

"The trouble is," I said, looking at a large case in coach hide leather of simple lines and beautiful design, "that they are so

heavy."

The buyer smiled "Were, you mean. Nowadays they are quite light. Try for yourself."

I picked up the coveted one and was amazed to find that I could lift it quite easily. "The secret lies," so the buyer told me, "in the way the cases are fashioned, with no fussiness and

no unnecessary trimmings and trappings."
The coach hide is actually cowhide which has not been bleached, doped or painted. It retains its natural marks, and has an individual beauty that is quietly distinguished. Price for one of 27 in. is £24 5s., 30 in. £26 15s.

Talking of travelling; men who have to do a good deal in the course of their work may like to know of a set of luggage in brown canvas and aniline dyed cowhide on a foundation of wood. The case is streamlined in shape for ease of carrying. There used to be two sizes: No. 1 fitted with one hanger, and No. 3 fitted with three. There is now an in-between size (No. 2) with two hangers. Prices: £14, 14 guineas and 15 guineas respectively, also from Simpson.

Passing to another department in the same shop, I looked at the new shirts for men made of "Orlon." This has a lovely clean, fresh appearance, and is considered the ideal synthetic fabric for intricate tailoring. "Orlon" shirts are easily washed, and dry quickly when placed overnight on a hanger. They require no ironing and are invaluable, therefore, for the traveller who wants to travel light. Price £6 5s.

BEAUTY

WHEN THE SUN SHINES

A^{S I} write, the sun is shining (believe it or believe it not) and even as I revel in its warmth, I find myself looking round the room and muttering, "Goodness, when the sun comes out, it does show things up." The chintzes are faded, the cushions need re-covering, and the carpet has lost its first bloom



NE glance in the mirror is even more depressing. Here again the sun is revealing. Flaws in the complexion spring to light, and one feels that the time has come to do a little refurbishing.

With regard to the complexion, this is a

time of year when any faults there may be tend to become exaggerated. If the skin is of the dry type, the dryness is intensified, with the result that it gets a "papery" look which is very ageing. If it is oily, the pores tend to become relaxed, and the whole face seems to look a bit "run-down." A third type of skin is that which is both dry and oily. This is more unusual and more trying; but it does respond if treated correctly.

TAKE the oily, relaxed condition first. There are various ways of treating this, but, in my opinion, the first step is a steam bath. If there are any impurities in the pores, it is impossible to close and refine them until these have been drawn out, and steam is the best way of doing this. Pour some boiling water into a basin, hold the face over it and cover the head with a towel. Remain this way for a few minutes (replenishing the hot water with some more from the kettle) then dry the face and pat briskly with a pad of cotton wool soaked in cold water and tonic (or astringent if the greasiness is excessive). The coldness of the water and the astringent help to close the pores and the patting whips up the circulation setting the blood flowing freely, which is of the greatest importance in any treatment that seeks to refine the texture of the skin. At night, before going to bed, smooth on a little pore cream, and once or twice a week, to speed things up, spread on a good face pack. You can get special ones for an oily open-pored condition and they are quite easy to use. When making-up, use a liquid foundation.

TEAM again forms a part of the treatment for a dry skin, as in this case the pores need to be opened to allow a nourishing cream to seep right into it. For this purpose,

steam from the bath is quite sufficient. Massage with a rich skin food, and if the skin is so dry that it fails to respond to the ordinary kind, then use one of the vitamin creams. These then use one of the vitamin creams. have properties that are of great benefit in renewing and building up the tissues and specially in the kind of skin that easily tends to get "starved." Leave the cream on while in the bath and then pat with cold water and tonic-as with an oily skin-to close the

Use a cream foundation to hold the make-up, and before going to bed at night massage again with a vitamin cream, leaving a thin film

on until morning.

The two-way type of skin requires a two-way treatment. Wash the whole face with soap and water, then cleanse the oily part with a liquid cleanser and the dry part with a little cleansing cream. Patting with cold water and tonic which follows is of enormous importance

Mother-of-pearl can be seen here at its best in this lovely group of cases for the handbag. The square shapes (one for powder, the other for cigarettes) cost £5 15s. 6d. the set of two. The round one (on the left) for compressed powder costs 47s. 6d., and the other (with mother-of-pearl centre) for powder is 52s. 11d. Harrods have them all



with this type of skin. The little areas that shine (usually round the nose and in the cleft of the chin) and the alternating patches of dryness, are largely the result of sluggish circulation. Once this has been thoroughly enlivened, the condition starts to improve. After patting, use a liquid foundation cream; since this is neither too greasy nor too drying; and suits both conditions.

Another defect which the sun shows up is something which, for some reason or oth many women regard as a sort of "skeleton n the cupboard." This is no me

than a little unwanted hair, usuround the chin, which many us suffer from as we grow older. those who fret themselves interestively about this only knew easily it can be eradicated they we wonder what all the fuss was ab

TOR their information, I wat d along to see one of the grea ist experts on the subject, I iss Beatrice Jackson, of 19 Manchester Square, W.1, who for years has been effectively getting rid of this very common bugbear by the permanent method of electrolysis. This gracious, white-haired woman, who is an expert on the subject, has a manner that inspires confidence. Moreover she has an authority which springs from skill and years of experience. Her treatment is swift, sure and permanent. The reaction of the client is to realize how stupid she was to have fussed about something which could be so quickly and effectively banished for ever.

Electrolysis-for the benefit of those who do not know-is done by means of an electric needle which passes into the hair follicle to the point where the root is situated. This is destroyed and another hair cannot be produced, as that part of the tissue in the follicle from which the hair grows is no longer there. The prick is momentary and a number of hairs can be dealt with at one sitting.

-Jean Cleland

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ENGAGEMENTS



The Hon. Margaret Acton, daughter of the late Lord and Lady Acton, of Carlisle Place, S.W.1, is engaged to Mr. John Teesdale, son of the late Mr. J. H. Teesdale, and of Mrs. Teesdale, of Whitminster House, Stonehouse, Glos



Miss Anna Verity, daughter of Group Captain and Mrs. C. E. H. Verity, of Yew Corner, Lalehamon-Thames, is engaged to be married to Lt. Laurence New, 7th R.T.R., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. W. New, of Beresford Avenue, Twickenham



Miss Fay Waldron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Waldron, of Rio Gallegos, Argentine, and Courtfield, Bessels Green, Sevenoaks, is to marry Dr. Paul M. O. Massey, son of Dr. and Mrs. Massey, of Lavender Lodge, Warren Road, Birmingham



CREGAN—BRANDON

At St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Gardens, Mr. John Cregan, son of Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Cregan, of Sloane Street, S.W.1., married Miss Paula Brandon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Brandon, of The Thatched Cottage, West Byfleet, Surrey

THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



VERGIN—SINCLAIR

Lt. Ian B. Vergin, R.A., son of Col.
A. H. Vergin, O.B.E., (I.A.ret.) and
Mrs. Vergin, of Oxted, Surrey, and
Miss Heather M. E. Sinclair, daughter
of Dr. and Mrs. J. Sinclair, of Rhos,
Wrexham. were married at St. Collen's
Church, Llangollen



The marriage took place at St. Michael Church, Hawarth, between Mr. Jol H. Binns, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Binn of Thornville, Long Fee, Keighley, York and Miss Ruth M. Ratcliffe, daught of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ratcliffe, Marshcotes, Oxenhope, Keighley



OGDEN—WHITE

Instr.-Lt. David Ogden, R.N., son of
Mr. and Mrs. H. Ogden, of Burnage,
Manchester, was married to Miss Janet
Ancell White, elder daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. F. C. White, of Cawsand, Cornwall,
at Maker Church, Cawsand



HARRIS—SURTEES

At St. Andrew's Church, Wickhambreaux, Maj. T. R. Harris, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Harris, of Manaton, Devon, married Miss R. M. Surtees, W.R.A.C., daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. G. Surtees, of Canterbury, Kent



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SIR LEONARD LORD, chairman of the British Motor Corporation, discusses with Dr. J. H. Weaving, head of B.M.C. Gas Turbine Research, the performance of the Austin Sheerline Saloon in which the B.M.C. 125 h.p. turbine had just been successfully tested

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

A Cross-section Of Progress



NE of the advantages of displays, exhibitions, shows and fairs is that they set target dates for manufacturers. The Farnborough Display, now in progress, has done for aircraft companies what the Motor Show does for the car companies. In peacetime

it is necessary to have target dates, for otherwise development work on new aeroplanes and new cars tends to spread like ink in blotting paper, losing directional definition, becoming vaguely generalized, getting progressively slower.

Research and development engineers, like

Research and development engineers, like other human beings, love to contemplate the marvels they believe they can encompass without doing too much about them. It is salutary that, by October 20 in London, if not by October 7 in Paris, they must make a statement, if only an interim one.

Tet us glance at the larger picture of mechanical possibility. There is first the war on weight; the more extended use of light alloys and the transfer to touring cars of

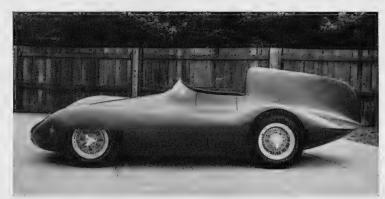
some of the weight-saving technique used in racing cars. Then there is the major modification to the power unit, the adoption of the compression ignition principle or of direct petrol injection. There is also the radical change in the power unit itself, the introduction of gas turbine motorcar engines.

Examples of the war on weight, of fuel injection and of turbine engines are provided by the French Panhard, the German Mercédès 300 SL and the Austin turbine with heat exchanger. As for the compression ignition engines, I have already made my views on them known. They are

represented by Standard, Fiat and Borgward. The Motor Show will tell us how far these developments have gone. I shall be especially interested to learn more about the Austin gas turbine, or rather the British Motor Corporation's gas turbine as fitted to the standard Austin Sheerline Saloon.

As turbines came into the world in an almost ideal state for giving extremely high speeds and ever since work has been devoted to making them ∈ uaily suitable for giving extremely low speeds. Their trouble, like the early fixed gear motorcycles, is that their speed range is poor. To obtain the best result from a plain jet, a vehicle ought to go at 1,600 kilometres an hour so as to avoid slip. At any less speed the jet becomes less efficient. So in aircraft the turboprop is devised; the turbine is harnessed to an airscrew and becomes more efficient at lower speeds. In a motorcar a further step must be taken. Heat must be collected from the exhaust and re-circulated through the engine. The B.M.C. engine, which is rated at 125 horsepower, has a heat exchanger, a thing which is more difficult to design than some people suppose.

Personally I believe in the future of the gas turbine motorcar. The power to weight ratio of a gas turbine can be astonishing. For instance the new Rolls-Royce Soar gives 6.9 kilograms thrust for every kilogram of weight. If it were fitted to a land, water or air vehicle



THE CONNAUGHT FORMULA I Grand Prix car with streamline body which is expected to prove a formidable contender in international racing

capable of very high speed the engine might be giving 15 horsepower for every pound weight! Nothing in that order of power to weight can be expected when the heat exchangers and other things needed for car operation are included, but the figure would remain much better than can be achieved with any other kind of prime mover.

ORE important than the good power to weight ratio of the turbine is that it incorporates an automatic transmission. The gas turbine is an automatic transmission as well as a power unit. Now if there is truth in the view held by many British manufacturers today that all the motorcars of the future will have automatic transmissions, one might predict with reasonable certainty that all the motorcars of the future will have gas turbines. For it is unlikely that people will put up with the complication and weight of the power unit-automatic transmission complex if the power unit can take over all the work.

All in all I feel that we must regard Sir Leonard Lord's decision to go forward with development work on the B.M.C. gas turbine at top speed as wise and far-seeing.

HAVE mentioned that the new Mercédès sports car has direct fuel injection by Bosch pump. The object is to improve the efficiency of combustion and, so doing, allow a higher compression ratio to be used with ordinary petrol. While we wait for gas turbines, I believe that we shall have fuel injection. Racing is developing it and racing is also proving its effectiveness.

The new Connaught Formula I racing cars have fuel injection. They are to the design of Rodney Clarke. As most racing enthus asts know, Connaught Engineering is a non-position of the cars are being built, some with the best Italian and German mach seven of the cars are being built, some interest bodies of more conventional Grand Prix attern.

So far, I am told that Connaught have not found the money to support an official verks team. It is estimated that it would cost a out £50,000 a year. It seems to me a worthy bing on which to spend money, for the Connaughts have proved that they are sound cars and have already some features which seem to be in advance of the best Continental machines. The new models, if only they receive that necessary support, should be successful.

Some evocative names appeared in the list of previous record holders when George Eyston and K. Miles captured their 17 records at Bonneville Salt Flats the other day. Eyston's M.G. Special took the 500 miles from a Bugatti and the three hours from a Bugatti. The 1,000 kilometres and the six hours it took

from a Porsche. In both cases the previous official speeds were below 120 miles an hour, whereas all Eyston's international class F records were set at over that figure. These are the standing start records for cars with engines between 1,100 cc and 1,500 cc.

In the American national records, the name of Dusenberg appeared as previous holder in the 300 miles flying start record. That is a name which revives memories of great races of the past. I am told by the Nuffield organization that Eyston's M.G. had the standard four-cylinder T.F. engine "reasonably tuned." It is, of course, unsupercharged.



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Book Reviews [Continuing from page 418

PATTERN SHOT WITH GOLD

For now, again, everything is astir—shutters are thrown open, and fires lit in the long-empty, bigwindowed rooms. "The family" are coming home at last—that is to say, beautiful Violet Dene Gordon and her husband, Charles, are back again after years in Burma and are planning to live the rest of their lives here. At fifty, the couple are still in love, still youthful in their sense of adventure, for this return, Violet realizes, does entail something of a risk. How will this changed mood of living, this isolation, this rainy climate, these silent surrounding woods and, most of all, the all-but overpowering personality of the house (which is hers, not his) affect their marriage—which means so much to them? Will Charles be bored, or feel idle? Will Violet's spirits sink too much under the weight of memories?

For memories cannot but be stirred up. The two young sisters, Violet and Barbie, who once played together in this garden and rooms, sadly parted as women in after life. Barbie, always the headstrong one, now lives with her husband in America: little has been heard of her for years. Now, out of the blue, a letter from Barbie comes, asking that the Dene Gordons should have Barbie's daughter, Sally, with them to spend the summer. Violet, not wholly willing, cannot refuse.

Arriving, the American Sally has the effect of a pebble dropped into the mirror-like waters of Dene Court. And the complex effect of Dene Court on Sally has been, like Sally herself, imaginatively, tenderly and subtly pictured by Miss Sarton—who, no less, shows how Sally tends to disturb the delicate balance between Charles and Violet.

The pattern within A Shower Of Summer Days has been beautifully worked out—all seems spontaneous. One feels drenched in the atmosphere of the place, and in the sun and rain of an Irish summer. Lyrical, the book has an inner strength: altogether, it is a delight to read.

The F.A. Diary for 1954–55 is an indispensable handbook for followers of soccer, as well as being of general usefulness day by day. It runs from August to August, and may be obtained from the Football Association Office, 22 Lancaster Gate, W.2., for 3s 3d., post free.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THAT admirable American singer Peggy Lee has a big advantage over many of her kind, both on this side of the Atlantic and her own. She is a musician; and while a gimmick or two have found their way on to her recordings from time to time, Miss Lee is not dependent on such trickery. For her most recent British release she has chosen "Johnny Guitar" from the movie, which she puts over with Victor Young and his Singing Strings. She couples this with a smart, fascinatingly stylish version of the Rodgers and Hart song, "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." Here she has the support of an instrumental quartet.

In the pre-1939 days artists like Peggy Lee had to be entirely gimmick-proof. Today, unfortunately, this doesn't appear to be necessary. That is why it is such a real pleasure to be able to pin-point her work on record as something not only of positive quality, but also entirely comparable with the high standards required in the days of yesteryear, when gimmicks were rightly barred. (Brunswick 05286).

Robert Tredinnick



An Old Cannon in the Alameda Gardens, Gibraltar, was a fine seat for Charlotte and Caroline Jones-Stamp. They are the children of Major Jones-Stamp, of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Mrs. Jones-Stamp



PADDLING FOR DEAR LIFE in their sandy boat before the tide came in were Richard Gambrill, aged six, and his brother David, aged three. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gambrill, of Bramble Cottage, Aylesford, Kent



A Strange Sea-Creature discovered by Gerard Griffin while on holiday at Seaview, Isle of Wight, being hauled ashore. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Griffin, of Napier House, Huntingdon Drive, The Park, Nottingham





Sitting On The Steps of the Nyal Beach Hotel, overlooking the sea stretching to India, were Mrs. Michael Fawcus wit her daughters Gina and Xandra, who wer on holiday in Mombasa. Their home i in Kericho, Kenya



THE LITTLE MERMAID perched so charmingly on the rocks at St. Mawes, Cornwall, is seven-year-old Edwina Mansell. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Guy Mansell, and her home is at Legh Manor Cottage, Cuckfield, Sussex



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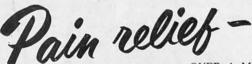
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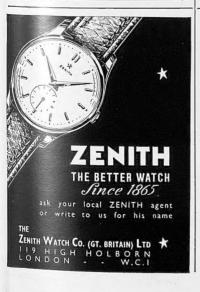
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My lady and I were most monstrous vexed this afternoon at the vileness of the weather. So needing comfort we did partake of cups of fine hot chocolate (and that with exceeding pleasure) in Master Cadbury's

CHOCOLATE HOUSE at No. 185 Regent

Street. My lady was straightway in a gentle humour by cause of the chocolate's rare flavour and myself mightily restored. To this rendezvous again fair soon.











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